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And the glass broke !' Then she gave a shriek and fainted, as the doctor entered the room.

"She was right. There was poison in the goblet of Venetian glass—and she was the poisoner. But she was guilty of no crime. You have heard of innocent and unfortunate people who have an irresistible desire to steal. They are not thieves, but monomaniacs. So was my wife. She had a mania for poisoning, which had developed itself unsuspected. She was insane on that one subject. But such a shock to her system was too much for her enfeebled brain to bear, especially at a time when a new life and new duties were before her. When the doctor succeeded in bringing her out of the fainting-fit, she was no longer in her right mind. She did not recognize me. She was mad; and for years she has been one of the inmates of the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane."

John Manning's story was finished, but Marion Vane yet said nothing.

"Miss Marion," he continued, at last, "you have heard me. You now know why I am hopeless. Do you pity me?"

She did not reply; and he waited for no answer, adding hurriedly:

"I only know I love you, Marion! I know it is a sin. I only hope you do not love me! And yet I should be very miserable if I thought you cared nothing for me. You see I am a selfish wretch! I have nothing to offer you. I can only love you at a distance. I have sinned in daring to be with you—for then I could not help loving. Forgive my folly. And when I am gone—forget me!"

Marion Vane said nothing.

"Good-bye, Marion! Good-bye, perhaps forever!"

He seized her hand, raised it reverently and kissed it. Then he left her, sitting alone in the moonlight. The river flowed silently far down below, and the monotonous hum of the katydids swelled the dull chorus.

In the course of the following day, Mrs. Hone Dee discovered that John Manning had left West Point. Why? And where had he gone?

"I really don't understand it!" confessed Mrs. Hone Dee to the congenial group of tabbies. "I don't see why he should go away at all, unless he has proposed and been refused. And I'm sure that's it."

And Mrs. Hone Dee's opinion was shared by her hearers, and seemed to be confirmed two days later by

the presence of the name of John Manning in the list of passengers for Liverpool in the *Scotia*. Mrs. Hone Dee showed it to the scandalous college, and they all made appropriate comments thereon. Several, indeed, pretended to possess exclusive information as to his departure, which they communicated to each other under the pledge of secrecy. "Lying is not taxed," says the Spanish proverb. If it were, the payment of the national debt would be hastened.

However, Mrs. Hone Dee and her friends had more

One month after the publication of this notice, John Manning returned to America.

One year later, on New Year's morning, Mrs. Hone Dee read this paragraph in the papers:

MARRIED.

VANE-MANNING.—By the Bishop of New York, at Grace Church, yesterday, Marion, daughter of Chauncey Vane, to John Manning, both of this city.

When the numerous gentlemen who fulfilled their self-imposed duty of visiting as many ladies as possible

that cheery New Year's Day, were invited by Mrs. Hone Dee to try her excellent Maryland eggnog, she had something to talk about besides the weather and the annual decrease in the number of calls.—*Brander Matthews.*

"EVE."

IF any one supposes that the whole history of Eve is told in that passage of Holy Writ which describes the Temptation and the fall of Adam and his help-mate, "bringing," as Milton expresses it, "death into the world, with all our woe," then let that person immediately reconsider the supposition. For there are plenty of modern Eves, quite as tempting and tempted as the General Mother, even if by the charming fiend in a less suspicious form than that of the serpent. And there are plenty of apples, too, in a good season—even if no more specimens of that identical pip-pin which played the mischief with the original lady and thus with all her descendants. Our favorite, Bouguereau, from whose pencil so many good things have delighted the world and added a crowning charm to the pages of *THE ALDINE*—has given us a modern "Eve" of much more than the average beauty, and who commands

the sympathy of the spectator to a degree by no means easy to express. That the apple is a red-cheeked beauty, fair, perfect and exceedingly toothsome—so much is certain. Whence the apple aforesaid has been procured, let us not inquire too closely. Suffice it that the theft, if theft it has been, must have been a very little one—only one apple. For the moment, "Eve" may seem to be in doubt about the eating of that apple: let no unsuspicious observer fall into the trap set by the sweet and unconscious face: she will eat it, beyond a question. Let us hope that she will not suffer too keenly for this pomological experiment that cost her namesake so dearly.



CASTLE WEIERBERG, AUSTRIAN TYROL.—E. HEYN.

important things to think of than the movements of John Manning, and in a few weeks they had almost forgotten his existence.

For two years he remained in Europe, and for two years Miss Marion Vane led the usual life of the fashionable young ladies of New York. Then, to her great surprise, for she had always supposed John Manning a widower, Mrs. Hone Dee read this paragraph in the morning papers:

DIED.

MANNING.—On Wednesday, December 31st, at the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane, Mary Lawson, wife of John Manning, in the 32d year of her age.

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Drawn on the wood by John S. Davis.

Engraved by Jonnard

EVE. — AFTER BOUGUEREAU.